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HOWE'S

ANNALS OF IOWA

A HISTORICAL PUBLICATION,



SAMUEL STORRS HOWE,
EDITOR,
IOWA CITY.

A. R. FULTON,
CORRESPONDING EDITOR,
DES MOINES.

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ANNALS OF IOWA.



VOL. II.

OCTOBER.

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EARLY JOURNALISM IN IOWA.

NO. I.

BY A. R. FULTON.

Written for The Printer's Auxiliary.

AS Dubuque enjoys the distinction of being the locality of the first settlement by white men in Iowa, so it also has the honor of being the place where Iowa journalism had its birth. The extinction of the Indian title to the lands in the eastern part of the Territory, in 1833, was followed by the establishment, the same year, of a number of settlements along the Mississippi, and considering the difficulties in the way of emigration at that day the population of the Territory increased rapidly. Then even Chicago was but a small village, where people had not yet dreamed of a railroad. Dubuque was a mining

camp, but was attracting hardy adventurers, and very soon the reported wealth of its lead mines caused the name and fame of Dubuque to be heard far and wide. Among others attracted to the embryo city on the west branch of the Mississippi, was John King, of Chillicothe, Ohio. The exact date of his coming West I cannot state, but the most important act of his career in his new home was that which made him the founder of journalism in Iowa. On the 11th day of May, 1836, he issued the first number of a weekly paper called the Dubuque *Visitor*. Mr. King was the editor, and associated with him was William C. Jones, as printer. In politics the *Visitor* was neutral, its motto being—"Truth our Guide; the Public Good our Aim." Six months after its first appearance Mr. King sold the paper to W. W. Chapman, who three months later sold it to William H. Turner. In April, 1837, it was again disposed of, this time to W. W. Coriell, John King, and John B. Russell. At the end of the first volume, in May, 1837, the name was changed to *The Iowa News*, and the paper became democratic in politics. In 1838 Coriell sold his interest to Edwin Reeves, and the publication was continued by Russel, King & Reeves, until 1840, when it became the property of W. W. Coriell. The next year (1841) the *Iowa News* gave place to the *Miners' Express*, which continued for ten years as the leading exponent of democracy in Iowa, but in 1851 it was swallowed up by the Dubuque *Herald*. The first number of this paper appeared April 19th, 1851, and on the 4th of July of the same year it was first issued as a daily. It was started as a democratic paper, and has always remained such. Among the names connected with its publication we recall the following: Dr. Harrison H. Holt, D. A. Mahoney, W. A. Adams, A. A. White, J. B. Dorr, F. J. Stanton, Wm. H. Merritt, John Hodnott, James Brown, Patrick Robb, F. M. Zeibach, M. M. Ham, and D. D. W. Carver. The *Herald* and its democratic predecessors in Dubuque have always been recognized as among the ablest exponents of the principles of the party in Iowa.

Soon after the commencement of the publication of the *Visitor* at Dubuque, papers were started in other parts of the

Territory, but as we have traced the line of democratic papers in that place, it may be well now to refer to those of the opposite political faith. Among the earliest papers of the Whig type of politics was the *Dubuque Transcript*. This paper made its appearance in 1843 under the editorship of H. H. Houghton, who had previously published a paper in Galena. Mr. Houghton published the *Transcript* about one year, when he sold it to Hill & Wharton. It was discontinued in 1845. The Whigs of Dubuque, though hopelessly in the minority, were not to remain long without an organ, for on December 21st of the next year, A. P. Wood commenced the publication of a weekly paper called the *Dubuque Tribune*. February 22d, 1848, it appeared as semi-weekly, and on the 26th of March, 1851, it was issued as a daily, continuing such one year. Then again it became only a weekly, until March 1854, when Mr. Wood transferred it to Wm. A. Adams and A. W. Hackney. In 1858 the *Tribune* was discontinued. During its publication, to-wit, in October, 1850, it had absorbed a rival paper called the *Democratic Telegraph*. The latter had been started in 1848 by a coterie of Whig politicians. The name chosen did not indicate its political spirit and purpose, for the *Democratic Telegraph* was a Whig organ of the most radical type.

The next paper in the Whig line at Dubuque was the *Observer*, commenced as a daily and weekly in the spring of 1854. After a career of about eighteen months it died of Know-nothingism, a disease that assumed a very fatal type in that locality. Its publishers were C. J. Chapline & Co. Dr. R. I. Thomas was the editor. The *Dubuque Republican* was commenced as a daily and weekly in 1855, by C. C. Flint. In April, 1857, it was suspended, but in June of the same year was revived, and until October 20th was issued as a daily and weekly by A. P. Wood. Then it was absorbed by the *Tribune*, a paper which died in 1858. In the meantime the *Dubuque Times* had been started as a Republican paper, June 15th, 1857, by a joint stock company, with G. G. Lyon as editor. In fifteen months the *Times* expired, but about the beginning of 1859 it was resurrected, in time

to make a gallant fight for Lincoln in the campaign of 1860. After various changes of proprietorship and editorship it certainly now appears to be a healthy and vigorous journal. Among those connected with its publication have been the following: Palmer, Upham & Gilmore, G. T. Stewart, Charles Aldrich, W. S. Peterson, J. K. Graves, J. L. McCreery, Barnes, Tompkins & Newcomb, Barnes & Ryan, Rich & Ryan, and Rich & Woodruff.

The second journalistic venture in Iowa, I believe, was a paper called the *Iowa Patriot*, started at Ft. Madison early in the year 1837. It was published by J. G. Edwards, and George Paul, now of Iowa City, was a printer in the office when the first issue was worked off. Black Hawk and his two sons were standing by to witness the strange operation. After this Keokuk and other chiefs visited the office, especially on press days. Mr. Edwards subsequently removed his paper to Burlington. It was in the columns of the *Patriot*, about the year 1838, that the first suggestion appeared that the people of Iowa appropriate to themselves the nick-name of *Hawkeyes*. The suggestion did not take readily at first. Sometime after, however, by an arrangement which was understood and agreed to by several of the pioneer settlers, including the editor of the *Patriot*, James W. Grimes, and David Rorer, the last named gentleman, under the guise of a visitor to the territory, contributed several letters to the paper at Dubuque and one or two to the *Patriot*, sketching the character of the territory and its inhabitants, and designating the latter by the nick-name of *Hawkeyes*. Some of these letters were copied or referred to by papers outside of the State, and in a short time Iowans were known at home and abroad as *Hawkeyes*, an epithet, or nick-name, which has ever since remained, and is doubtless destined to be a permanent one. Mr. Paul, whom we have referred to as a printer in the office of the *Patriot*, is probably now the oldest newspaper man in the State. He once edited a democratic paper at Iowa City while that place was the capital of the State. Subsequently he became a farmer in Johnson county, but has generally been an active politician of the democratic faith,

has been a member of the General Assembly, and held other important positions of trust.

Another of the very early papers of the Territory was called the *Western Adventurer*, and was published at Montrose, in Lee county, by Dr. Isaac Galland. It appeared as early as 1837, and contained many interesting sketches of border life, details of the habits, customs, religion and traditions of the Indians, especially of the Sac and Fox tribes, among whom its editor had lived many years. Much of our knowledge of these Indians was contributed to Mr. Schoolcraft's volumes by the editor of the *Western Adventurer*. In August, 1837, Ka-la-we-quois, a half-breed damsel of the Sac tribe, died near Montrose, and her remains were followed to the grave by a single mourner—her mother. Dr. Galland penned and published in his paper a very pathetic obituary notice. This chanced to meet the eye of the distinguished poetess of Hartford, Conn., Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, and suggested the subject of one of her finest and most beautiful poems, "The Indian Girl's Burial." The poem was sent by its authoress to Dr. Galland's paper, in which it originally appeared, a few weeks after the death of Ka-la-we-quois. Dr. Galland located at Montrose in 1829—four years before any portion of Iowa passed out of the possession of the Indians. His daughter Eleanor was born there in 1830, and lived to become Mrs. McPherson, residing at Fort Madison. At the time Dr. Galland published his paper he was acting as the agent of what was known as the "New York Land Company." He had been impressed with the idea that Montrose was destined to become a great city. He was a man of considerable literary and scientific acquirements, but somewhat erratic, and did not long continue the publication of his paper, afterward becoming interested in the embryo city of Keokuk. He died in Lee county, I believe, many years ago. A complete file of his paper would be an invaluable treasure among the historical collections of our State Library.

ELEPHAS AMERICANUS.

READ BEFORE THE IOWA STATE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, DES MOINES,
IOWA, AT THE MEETING IN AUGUST, 1883.

BY A. R. FULTON.

President of the Academy.

THE tooth, or grinder, presented this evening for examination is that of a mammal, which is known to naturalists only by its remains. The animal to which it belonged is designated in the catalogue of extinct fauna by the name *Elephas Americanus*, or *Mastodon Giganteus*, Great Mastodon. It belonged to the same family of animals with the elephant now existing, which it much resembled, but surpassed it in size and massiveness of frame, as the remains of it now in the museums of the country fully attest. The tubercular projections which you observe upon this molar suggested to naturalists the name mastodon, from two Greek words: *Mastos*, a woman's breast, and *Odontos*, a tooth. This specimen, on its face, or surface which came in contact with the molar in the opposite jaw, measures $7 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weighs four pounds and six ounces. It was found by a son of Wesley Irvin, on a small creek called Limestone, about one mile and a half west of the village of New Virginia, in the southwest part of Warren county, Iowa.

Many of the remains of this particular species, *Elephas Americanus*, have been found in the United States, sometimes under circumstances and in geological position, showing that it co-existed with man upon this continent. The anatomy of the animal is now quite thoroughly known to naturalists, from the fact that several almost entire skeletons have been exhumed from their positions in what were evidently marshes at the time of their entombment.

It was an herbivorous animal, its food consisting largely of the young twigs and buds of the resinous trees that flourished profusely at the period in which it lived and reigned as a monarch among the mammalia of America. This is shown by the contents of its stomach, which have been identified, as well as by its anatomical structure. Its skin was pachydermous, like that of the elephant and the rhinoceros. Like the elephant he was provided with a trunk, or proboscis, which doubtless served similar purposes. Indeed his habits of life as well as his general anatomy, were quite similar to those of the elephant of the present day.

The specimen molar of this animal now before us appears to be partially petrified, and to this fact is due its excellent state of preservation, as well as its gravity, or heaviness. The enameled portions of a tooth are the last to decay, appear indeed, almost indestructible, and in this specimen, as you see, are quite perfect. Those portions of the tooth (the roots) by which it was attached to the jaw are somewhat deficient. Being softer they doubtless yielded to decay before the process of petrification could preserve them. Were its roots entire the specimen would doubtless be twice its present size. Only two species in any way related to the great family of the mammoth, that in ages past ranged over a great portion of the earth, exist to-day, the Asiatic and the African elephant. In all the forests and boundless wastes of this continent not a single individual of this modern family of the mammoth exists, or has existed, since the Europeans first landed upon these shores, except as they are imported, or descended from those imported from Asia or Africa. But there was a time, probably in the Miocene or middle epoch of the Tertiary Period, when the climate of America was congenial to their habits, when they roamed over the vast plains and through the forests of America, where their remains are now found. Nor did they become extinct until a still later age than the Tertiary, as the geological position of many of the remains would indicate. This mammillary-toothed elephant had its home in Iowa long before her prairies were darkened by herds of buffalo, and in an age when the land was covered by

a vegetable growth of a type quite different from that of the present time. Nature has traced and handed down to us her record of an extinct flora as well as fauna, on tablets of stone. We would fain interpret the hieroglyphics traced over the tombs of Egypt's ancient kings, or the scrolls found in her catacombs, while we still remain in doubt as to the actions of Osiris, Sesostris, and Cambyeses, whether they were real heroes or only myths, but we read nature's lithologic record with absolute certainty of its truth.

This animal was of a type, the representatives of which at the present day are all confined to the warmer portions of the globe, indicating that the climate of America as far north as its remains have been found was sufficiently mild to render it a congenial habitat for animals of its peculiar organization. That the *Mastodon Giganteus* lived cotemporaneous with our savage human predecessors, is shown by the fact that its remains have been found in connection with arrow-heads and other rude weapons of the primitive hunters of this continent. They have also been found associated with the remains of man himself, human bones being mingled with those of the mastodon. It is thus shown that he did not become extinct until after the advent of man upon this continent.

The remains of the *Elephas Americanus* are usually found in our river-gravels and in the deposits now termed by geologists loess, a sedimentary formation peculiar to river valleys. Although surviving to a later time, they especially belonged to that wonderful age of geological time known as the Tertiary Period, an age of gigantic mammals and luxuriant vegetable growth. This particular species is thought by geologists to have abounded especially during the latter portion of the Tertiary Period, in the Pliocene epoch, and just preceding glacial time.

The *Elephas Americanus* appears to have been closely allied to an extinct animal of gigantic size whose remains have been found in Europe and Asia, and known as the *Elephas Primigenius*, or the great Siberian elephant. This latter animal is supposed to have lived in Asia during the latter part of the Tertiary Period, and to have passed over into

Europe in the Quaternary. Its remains have been found in Asia as far north as Siberia, and in nearly all countries of Europe. It is quite likely that it survived the mastodon of this continent, and during its existence ranged over such portions of pre-glacial Europe as were not still under the sea, but disappeared in glacial time.

It may be asked how it can be that the remains of an animal have been preserved through such a vast duration of time! We observe that, ordinarily, decomposition and decay of the animal organism takes place in a very few years. But this is not always the case, for under certain circumstances we know that animal, as well as vegetable organism, has assumed an almost indestructible condition, as when petrification takes place. Where entire, or almost entire, skeletons have been preserved, they have generally been found in beds of peat—the swamps and marshes of the period in which they lived—and the antiseptic properties of the peat have preserved them to become the wonders of our museums. Where a single specimen has been preserved perhaps millions have decomposed, been absorbed by the elements, and passed through the combinations and changes common to matter under ordinary circumstances. Man erects an edifice which he intends shall endure for centuries. In some secure recess he deposits specimens of the coin of the period in which the builders lived. A thousand years may pass away and in that time nations may have been born, flourished, declined and then perished. The edifice itself becomes ancient, and at last yields to the disintegration and change common to matter. The workmen of another age, speaking a new language, remove the rubbish of the ancient edifice, once grand, spacious and beautiful, and in so doing they recover and bring to light the long hidden coin of an age unlike their own. So it is that nature has carefully laid away in the secret recesses of her grand temple a few choice specimens of her ancient handiwork, that after ages may read and know the story of her wonderful processes and evolutions.

BIBLICAL GEOLOGY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE geology of the Bible is the only supernatural science we have. It begins in Genesis with the creation of all things. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It does not say when the material universe was created, or the matter of all worlds was made—only that it was "in the beginning." The Arabic translation has it, "the first thing," that is, matter was first created in formless, shapeless elements of the universe. "The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Here arises the Mosaic geology as given in the Bible, the creation of the watery materials of this earth and of the system of things connected with our earthly sphere.

How long this chaotic state of the earth continued the Bible does not say. And no men of natural science have ever determined the period of chaos, as Roman authors call it. If sciolists in science wish any amount of ages for this chaotic mass to boil and seeth, the Bible or the two first verses of Genesis do not limit the period. Other passages of the Holy Scriptures cast some light on the Mosaic account of God's creative act. "He spake and it was done. He commanded and it stood fast," says the Psalmist. And the Chief Apostle asserts expressly that, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that the things that are seen were not made of things which do appear."

Bible geology, therefore, affirms God's creative act. Matter arose at the bidding of the Almighty, who spake the worlds from nothing. Matter itself was instantaneously made by "the word of God." All the twaddle about the molecules of matter originating and arranging themselves on scientific principles of men's devise, is all the-

ory and not true science, for the molecules or smallest particles of matter must have had a "beginning," and cannot be derived from appearances or traces backward to the ages of eternity past. The great fact or fiat of the Creator must have preceded all and every thing made.

The next thing in the order of creation was light. "God said, let there be light, and there was light." Longinus, the Greek writer on the Sublime, quotes this from Moses as a remarkable instance of sublimity: "Let there be light, and light was." But infidels and skeptics have objected, that Moses has here got before his story in putting light before there were sun, moon, and stars. But what astronomer has ever proven what light is, and when it first shone on our system of creation? No philosopher has ever proven what light is. Is it matter or is it an accident of matter? If matter, why is not the sun itself consumed, and the darkness of chaos restored? The fact is, that God, who could make a sun in the heavens, could make light, whatever it is, out of nothing, like the other elements of creation, without any sun, moon, or stars.

As to the order of the other things of creation; the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, as men of science call them, all naturalists of note agree that the Mosaic or the Bible order of creation is in accordance with the footprints of creation in all nature. And no evidence has yet been discovered of any animal orders, or tribes passing over to another species; for example of tadpoles being developed or evolved into monkeys, much less of monkeys developing into men.

As to the periods of Bible creation, if any language can describe a period of a *literal day*, the Hebrew does: "The evening and the morning was day one," "day two," and so on till the seventh or the Sabbath rest of creation. Otherwise, we must meet the absurdity of man's being ages or centuries in the process of creation! How can science prove anything of this sort? How could Adam and Eve come gradually into form and shape? How could they gradually learn language?

The ancient Greeks and Romans have the tradition that

Minerva sprang from the brain of Jupiter (the chief heathen deity), full armed as the Goddess of War. Why not Christians receive the literal facts of the supernatural creation of Adam out of the dust, and Eve out of Adam, as Matthew Henry says on the text of Moses, "that God took woman not out of the head of Adam, lest she should overtop him; nor out of his feet, lest she should be inferior to him, but out of his side and near his heart, that she might be a companion and equal?" The very fitness of things, therefore, makes it just as reasonable a fact, that God made supernaturally man and woman, a perfect man and a perfect woman in the instant of creation as to be ages about it. Such a theory, of demiurgic periods, as some men of science claim by stretching out days into indefinite periods of ages, is harder to be believed than heathen myths. God forbid, that any persons in a Christian and enlightened age should pervert the Bible, that only supernatural book to be received by faith, as containing the true philosophy of heaven, and not of science, falsely so called.

This brief essay on the supernatural character of the Bible should be further extended. It is the source of all "*supernatural science*," to which human "faith" and reason are to be directed, and not diverted from this supernatural book. All the miracles of the Old and New Testaments are only solvable and explainable on scriptural grounds, or on principles of supernatural science. A future article will set forth this view and expose the shallow sophistry of "philosophy," falsely so called. Meanwhile the ANNALS are open to other writers of contrary or different views of geology and philosophy.

THE SCIENTISTS AT PRAYERS.

The American Association for the Advancement of science, held its thirty-second annual Session at Minneapolis, Minn., August 15th to 22d inclusive. For the last four or five years, it has been a feature of the Association to hold a prayer-meeting on the Sabbath, midway of the session in the afternoon. This year it was held in the Westminster Presbyterian

church (west side), while the regular sessions of the Association were held at the State University. The meeting was a very precious one to all Christians present, because of its earnest and devout spirit, and was a most decided refutation of the charge that the majority of our scientists are either infidels or skeptics.

The leader remarked that the earliest teaching of literature or science imposed and taught the worship of God as Creator and Preserver. He then read the 19th and 42d Psalms, as the lesson of the hour.

Principal Dr. J. W. Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, Canada, followed with remarks. Said he: "Men of science are not antagonistic to true religion, they are seeking truth. Paul certainly, and also Luke, among the apostles, should be ranked with the Scientists of their day. He thanked God that true religion was revealed unto babes, while it was hid from the wise and prudent. There is no incongruity between the pursuit of truth in science, and a devout and God-fearing spirit."

Prof. Young, of Princeton, N. J., President of the Association for this year, followed with similar remarks, declaring that this was not an irreligious association, but one that realized its responsibility to the Maker of all and reverently added, "we need a stronger and more living faith."

Rev. Dr. Hovey, of New Haven, Conn., the originator of the Association's prayer-meeting said: "We seek the truth, seek it earnestly, humbly, yet fearlessly; being assured that from these efforts, no detriment can come to true revealed religion. I feel very kindly to all sincere inquirers and learners." He then referred to the devout spirit of scientists, and instanced the first message sent by telegraph, viz: "What hath God wrought," and also to the other first one, when the telegraph encircled this round world of ours, to-wit: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men!" These remarks and others were interspersed with praise.

A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT BOLTON, THE PURITAN, IN 1637. °

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., March 9th, 1842.

DEAR SIR:—A few years ago there appeared in several papers a temperance pledge written by Robert Bolton, the Puritan, in 1637. It was accompanied by the following remarks: “I have found the following temperance pledge, written in the blank leaf of an old English book, which has been handed down from parent to child for several generations; but appears at the time, when the pledge was dated, to have been the property of good old Robert Bolton, bachelor in divinity, and preacher of God’s word at Broughton, in Northamptonshire, England. It shows that temperance principles were properly appreciated by some, at least, in olden time.

A. P.

Marietta, America, July 3d, 1834.

Broughton, 1637. From this day forward to the end of my life, I will never pledge any health, nor drink a whole carouse in a glass, cup, bowl, or other drinking instrument whatsoever, wheresoever it be, or from whomsoever it come, except the necessity of nature do require it. Not my own most gracious king, nor any the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth, not my dearest friend, nor all the gold in the world, shall ever enforce me or allure me. Not an angel from Heaven (who I know will not attempt it) should persuade me. Not Satan, with all his old subtleties, nor all the powers of hell itself, shall ever betray me. By this very sin, (for a sin it is, and not a little one,) I do plainly find that I have more offended and dishonored my great and glorious Maker, and most merciful Savior, than by all other sins that I am subject unto. And for this very sin I know it is that my God hath often been strange unto me.

And for that cause, and no other respect, have I thus vowed; and I heartily beg my good Father in Heaven, of his great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and to be favorable unto me for what is past. Amen.

ROBERT BOLTON.

April 10th, 1637.

WE LICENSE THEE.

BY J. PIERPONT.

"For so much gold we license thee,"

So say our laws—"a draught to sell
That bows the strong—enslaves the free,
And opens wide the gates of hell;
For 'public good' requires that some
Should live, since many die by rum."

Ye civil fathers! while the foes
Of this destroyer seize their swords,
And heaven's own hail is in the blows
They're dealing—will ye cut the cords
That round the falling fiend they draw,
And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill

Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway,
And while God says, "Thou shalt not kill,"

Say ye for gold, "Ye may, ye may?"
Compare the body with the soul,
Compare the bullet with the bowl!

The living to the rotting dead,

The God-contemning Tuscan tied,
Till by the way, or on his bed,

The poor corpse-carrier drooped and died;
Lashed hand to hand and face to face,
In fatal and in loathed embrace.

Less cutting, think ye, is the thong

That to a breathing corpse, for life,
Lashes, in torture loathed and long,

The drunkard's child, the drunkard's wife?
To clasp that clay, to breathe that breath,
And no escape!—Oh! that is death.

Are ye not fathers? When your sons

Look to you for their daily bread,
Dare ye in mockery load with stones

The table that for them ye spread?
How can ye hope your sons will live,
If ye, for a fish, a serpent give?

TEMPERANCE ODE.

The following temperance ode was written by Greenville Mellen on the tenth anniversary of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, and set to music by Thos. Hastings, Doctor of Music, in 1840:

The giant men of old
Who walk'd amid the vine,
Saw earth's first royal age of gold,
Ere the poet sang of wine!
They saw no shadow on their path
Cast from a shadow'd soul,
Nor heard the Demon's voice of wrath,
The Demon of the bowl!

They trod like conquerors,
Led by the light of God—
And champions of our noble cause
Pass'd to their forest sod!
Our noble cause!—whose armor binds
Our frames about the walls,
And marks for Hope and Heaven our minds
When the shrine is bow'd, and falls.

How walk we now the earth,
Sons of a dimmer day?
With spirits of a madden'd mirth,
Along this pilgrim way!
'Mid city and the mountain wood,
From poison'd fount and cup,
Unknown in earth's first solitude,
The sacrifice goes up.

Men of the brighter years!
Though not a nobler age,
Let yours of gladness be the tears,
Along that pilgrimage—
Tread onward like a girded band,
For the spirit mark'd for heaven—
Ye tread to good and great command,
To God and glory given.

THE DRUNKEN FATHER.

The circumstances which induced the writing of the following thrilling lines are as follows: A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing on the subject of temperance. Her compositions were so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch the withered glance and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go then to mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;

Mark her worn frame and withered brow—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now—
 With failing frame and trembling limb,
 And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth;
 But who, foresworn, has yielded up
 That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made the prospect bright;
 And chained her there mid want and strife,
 That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know
 All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
 See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim, "'Tis drink and die!"

Tell me I hate the bowl—
 Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred.
Whene'er I see, or hear or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

IOWA STATE CAPITOL.



NEW CAPITOL AT DES MOINES.

The total length of the building, north and south, including portico, is 363 feet 8 inches; length east and west, 246 feet 11 inches; length north and south, fronts 175 feet; length east and west, fronts 118 feet 8 inches.

The different heights are: To top of cornice 92 feet 8 inches; height from office floor to dome of balcony, 101 feet 6 inches; height from office floor to inner dome of balcony, 153 feet 2 inches; height from office floor to canopy, 172 feet 5 inches.

The height of coping on stylobate is 114 feet 2 inches; height of top of tholus of main dome, 249 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; height of top of ball 259 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

The height of basement story, floor to floor, 13 feet 1 inch; office story, floor to floor, 23 feet 9 inches; second story floor to ceiling, 20 feet 9 inches; office floor to dome of balcony, 101 feet 6 inches. The total number of square feet which the Capitol covers is 54,850 feet; height above the level of the sea 1,151 feet.

The Senate Chamber, 58x91 feet 4 inches; height, 41 feet 9 inches. Library, 52 feet 6 inches by 108 feet 4 inches; height 44 feet 9 inches. Diameter of rotunda is 66 feet 8 inches.

There are fourteen granite columns in the rotunda, and twenty-four scagliola columns in the dome. Seven boilers are used for heating purposes, consuming sixteen tons of coal per day.

The granite used for foundation was hewn from Iowa boulders, whilst the yellow and grey stone came from St. Genevieve and Carroll, Missouri.

The necessary expenditures to complete the structure of the Capitol will amount to about \$250,000. The building itself will not be completed before two years.—*Des Moines State Republican*.



THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA AT IOWA CITY.

The central building is the old Iowa State Capitol, and is here contrasted with the new Capitol as described above.

SIGNIFICATION OF WINNESHIEK.

WM. BUCK, of Union Township, Johnson County, Iowa, was a member of the United States Dragoons that removed the Winnebago Indians from the Territory of Iowa. He says the name of *Winneshick* means *Fleet Elk*. It is not found explained in any of the books about Indians. It is well here to put it on permanent record as the name of a county in northern Iowa.

Mr. Buck relates how the chiefs Winneshiek and Waubesa, by instigation of some Sioux that stole into the camp, had planned an insurrection and an attack on the troops. But suspecting and anticipating the movement, the troops fell upon them, killed some and wounded many. After this night attack they left quietly.

OLD WINNESHIEK, at Fort Armstrong, once met John Haney, of Lansing, the last town in Iowa, and expressed his thanks that the Good Spirit had preserved them to meet again.

TEACHING AS A LEARNED PROFESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

Teaching is to be classed among the learned professions—divinity, medicine, and law. For all callings and professions begin with instruction. No denomination of Christians attempts to induct men into the ministry of the Gospel without study. No doctor of medicine can be found, unless a quack, without a good education. And no man dare enter the courts of law, without learning the great principles of justice.

But teaching is at the foundation of these learned professions. And, it were well were it made a life work and a profession. Mere teaching school as a make-shift for money, and then going to other callings, is beneath the profession of instructors.

Already, collegiate instructors, are making a life work of teaching. Some such, like the venerable John McLean, of Princeton, are *emeritus* Presidents and Professors, still honored by trustees, alumni and students.

In Germany, the old parish teacher is endowed with a Government pension, on retiring, at sixty years, from the school room. And will not America, a republican nation, do as well by her worn out worthies? A graduated pension for ten, twenty, or thirty years continuous teaching would be a blessed crown for civil service. For, give me the school-masters and the schoolmistresses of our land, and I will give the world a nation of educated freemen, worthy of the best republic the world ever saw.

Teaching, then, is at the bottom of all the learned professions. And all callings in life are dependent upon instruction for intelligence and cultivation of mind adequate to business of all sorts in society. The laboring classes must have teaching, or be left to be hewers of wood and drawers of water all their days. By adequate instruction, all the arts of life may be pursued with success. The United States of

America have their national schools, from public lands, in the several States. It is no longer considered assuming for a farmer to be educated in all the schools. So also the mechanic must be taught in his honorable calling, or always be a mere underling. We say honorable pursuit. Why not so? The Lord Jesus—the Savior of the world—the absolute Creator of all the worlds—was a machanic on this earth—a “carpenter’s Son!” He wrought with his father at that trade, till thirty years of age, when He became the Teacher of the world—the greatest Teacher ever on this globe. For as a Jew, he had learned a trade, as it was the practice of the Jews or Hebrews to give all their sons a trade. Nay, their daughters were taught fine, skilled needle work and all domestic arts, as the Hebrew Scriptures show. They learned how to dye all kinds of colors. They spun wool and flax, holding the distiff in their hands, working willingly with their hands. But, now that spinning jennies and power looms have set aside the little and big wheel and loom of the household, making these mere ornamental relics of the hall or the garret, women have become restive, and want to go to Congress, and become politicians and want to vote—many of them better qualified, or as well qualified as their brothers, husbands and fathers for higher office. Well, let them go to Congress, old style, horse and pillion, husband and wife on the same horse, or hobby.

But to return from this digression. What use, it may be asked, is it to teach boys and men, girls and women, everything? To fit them to live in a world of labor and artifice. Why teach languages, mathematics, chemistry, astronomy, what not of science and study? Why not let them read dime novels and stories and romances? Because life is real, life is earnest, and should be skilled in labor and work. God will hold the family, the school, the academy, the college, the university, the school of theology, medicine and law, responsible for the higher culture of men and women for the grand duties of life. Only contrast slavish labor, illiterate work, with free and educated industry. A lady from the Southern States, that had of necessity to teach

ignorant slaves, taught her fellow missionaries in India how to make butter, extemporizing a churn and directing Indian servants. From one example, learn all. True men and women are not to live in the moon, nor plant and sow in the moon, but it is very well to be taught the changes of the moon and where to find the north star in a night travel or voyage. And it is well to learn enough of chemistry to color trinkets or old dress goods—at least enough to take out vegetable stains from linen, even if the mantua-maker or laundry-man has superseded domestic labor. So likewise, of all things, vegetable, animal, and mineral in the kingdoms of nature, not to be ignorant of the world we live in, nor to degenerate from the first man and woman, who gave names before God to all created things.

Indeed, it were well if the folks of this age of improvement, as it is called, were disposed as teachers and taught “to intermeddle with all wisdom,” like Peter the Great, of Russia, who went into a shipyard in Holland and learned from masters of the art how to build ships, before he built a Russian navy; and put himself under his own general, refusing to be promoted as a common soldier till he merited it, and so went up all grades to generalissimo of his own imperial army. And, at least, without intruding on the province of the sex, boys and men might well be taught to sow on a button and mend a rent, or darn a stocking rather than paste on court plaster to prevent showing a hole in a stocking.

And now, of *teaching as a learned profession*, this is the sum. Men and women, when young, should be taught, as the Greeks were, “those things which, when grown to years, would be useful in life.” We would not say, that men and women should be so taught as to be experts in all trades and professions, but should learn the principles of all labor and handicraft, like a learned judge in Maine, who was so attentive to the farrier’s shoeing of his horse for many years, as to be taken for a blacksmith.

Teaching, therefore, is a necessary honorable, God-like profession, and among the most learned professions.

IN MEMORIAM.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The death is announced at Summit of Dr. E. F. Hatfield, late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The above telegraphic announcement brings to mind many personal relations and recollections of this deceased worthy of the Church. When a clerk in New York City, Harlan Page, that indefatigable winner of souls to Christ, met him. And Mrs. Page expostulated with her husband, who was an invalid, for being out one night so late; and he repressed her solicitude by saying, "I was standing at the corner of the street, trying to persuade Edwin F. Hatfield to be a Christian." And he did persuade him. For young Hatfield left the counter of merchandise to study for the ministry,—a trophy of grace through Harlan Page,—entered Middlebury College, Vt., that noted college in which many ministers and missionaries have been trained for the good work of preaching the Gospel of the blessed God. After a short course of Theological study, and preaching in New Jersey, he married and went to St. Louis, Mo., to "preach the Gospel by proxy," as the public advertisement ran in the papers, offering five hundred dollars to "preach the Gospel by proxy," when that city was in its unevangelized state, with fifteen thousand inhabitants only, and with Dr. Artemas Bullard in the only Presbyterian Church in that city and in the State. He buried his wife there; returned to New York as the successor of Dr. Baldwin, where he was successful in building up the Church. He then resigned his Church relations, and going up town formed a new Church and built a new edifice, and, after some years' service, again resigned his place, and went into the Agency for endowing Union Theological Seminary, in which he was eminently prospered. He has been for many years Stated Clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America; and his last labors, being chosen Moderator in May last, were in that office, and as the last minutes came to hand, he being assisted by the Permanent Clerk, the sad

announcement of his death is made. He was the only Moderator that ever died in office, a noble worthy of this national church of his choice.

Somewhat older than the writer of this tribute to his memory, he was the room-mate and class-mate of the Editor of the ANNALS OF IOWA, some numbers of which he lived to read and commend. A man of sterling piety and honest integrity, his life is interwoven with the Presbyterian Church of the wide world, the largest Protestant denomination on the face of the globe. Knowing him in the class-room, as the H's sat near each other; in the Philadelphian missionary society of Middlebury College, where he was a burning and shining light; in his family at New York, where he sat in his study with his second wife, a daughter of Alderman Taylor, and his lovely sons and daughters, and at last with his father-in-law and mother-in-law in their advanced years, after they had sold their home to Hon. Peter Cooper; knowing him in the pulpit and General Assembly, as well as by much private correspondence, I pen this with a flow of feeling—with fellow feeling towards my best ecclesiastical companion, friend and brother in Christ. I can say no more, could say no less, with tears flowing as I write this hasty memorial of his inestimable worth! But he has already joined wife, daughter and son, father-in-law and mother-in-law—nay, the blessed Son of God and Savior in Heaven!

One little circumstance of memory—his filling my college diploma—inserting *Sannuelem Storrs Howe*, with his own hand and skilled penmanship at our graduation as Bachelors of Arts, in 1829, will remain while life continues. *Beate, BEATE, BEATE*, my dear brother! Thy mantle, who will carry since thy ascension to glory? Who will cast “ashes to ashes, dust to dust” upon thy grave? God comfort his stricken family, his brethren in the ministry, and me, a lone man in this world of tears!

P. S.—A work in manuscript by Dr. Hatfield, is worthy of publication, viz., a history of Church Psalmody, and Sacred Lyrical writers. Let this and other writings while living be his memorial.

S. S. H.

A memorial discourse, at the funeral of Dr. Harry Allen, by Rev. S. A. Freeman, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Feb. 28th, 1883.

Doctor Allen was born in Lebanon, N. H., Sept. 18th, 1790, and died at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., Feb. 25th, 1883. Sixty-two years previous he came there on horse-back, then called Norton's Mills, as a pioneer, before railroads and even before the Erie canal were built. A graduate of the medical department of Dartmouth College, N. H., he practiced medicine for many years solely, and to the day of his last illness was often called in counsel, although somewhat devoted to farming. He was a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church for many years, and a wise counsellor of its members. He was the fifth son of Diarca and Sarah Howe Allen, and a fond brother of Prof. D. Howe Allen, D. D., of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, who died at sixty-three years, although many of his brothers and sisters lived to advanced years. Two brothers survive, Alba and James Edwin, at "The Falls." They were descendants of Samuel Allen, of Duxbury, Mass., who died there in 1669.

Dr. H. Allen was a teetoteler in temperance, and preferred to have the Falls as a water power in his possession, lie unused forever before he would sell a foot of land for the erection of a distillery. His wife, Lydia Norton Allen, and several children and grandchildren survive him.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY's descriptive or general catalogue is a magnificent volume in classic Latin, worthy of its President, Dr. Elliott, who sends it, and of the corps of Professors who instruct in that oldest college in the land.

YALE COLLEGE catalogue is of the same character, sent by Dr. Porter, the President, under his own signature.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA catalogue, for the last year, has over five hundred names in the literary, law, and medical departments. No general catalogue has ever been published. Why not? This year opens well, with one hundred and fifteen in the Law Department, and about two hun-

dred and fifty in the Literary Department. The Medical students, are just gathering as the ANNALS go to press, with the fairest prospect of numbers.

COE COLLEGE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, as Dr. Stephen Phelps, President, informs us, has opened with a large attendance, and with the hopeful prospect of a third new building. The edifices of this college are very neat specimens of college architecture.

PARSONS COLLEGE, at Fairfield, Iowa, is prospering. These colleges, Coe and Parsons, are Presbyterian institutions.

IOWA COLLEGE, at Grinnell, Iowa, is again furnished with new buildings, apparatus and books, in the place of those blown away by the terrific whirlwind of last summer. This institution is Congregational, being withdrawn from Union with the branch of Presbyterians first in Iowa.

CORNELL COLLEGE, under the Methodist Episcopal order, is advancing in funds and students. The President, Dr. King, has resigned on account of the state of his health, but continues during this year.

N. B.—If other colleges in Iowa would furnish us catalogues and needed information, they would be noticed, in like manner.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, now under President Hamlin, and an able body of Professors, is rising again to patronage in and out of Vermont. Chartered in 1800, it has a long list of graduates of honorable names, men of distinction, Judges of the Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives of the U. S. Congress, and civil ministers abroad, etc.

MARIETTA COLLEGE, under the Presidency of Dr. Andrews, for a young Institution, is succeeding right well.

THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, of the Northwest (Presbyterian) is making a "new departure," with forty-five to fifty students and a full faculty of Professors—at Chicago, situated beautifully on Lincoln Avenue. We found lately T. H. Skinner, D.D., an old Edghill pupil, elegantly located in a new brick mansion, but he is not allowed to preach at all

by his physician, and with a sprained foot. Yet he was cheery and lively as when a boy, though not quite so roguish. He is inclined to corpulence. All the Edghill, Princeton, N. J., boys to whom the ANNALS go are now men in middle life. A greeting to you all, my loved pupils!

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW, by Rev. Royal G. Wilder, returned missionary from Colapoor, India, is a noble specimen of compiling needed mission matters of all denominations in the world. Never was there a better opening for a select review than this, bating rather sharp criticism of the Boards. Print only good and cast the bad away, like the Gospel net of the Savior, brother in Christ, and you will receive the patronage of all readers of missionary tidings. The *Review* is a private, paying publication, for \$1.50 a year; the cheapest news going. Address R. G. Wilder, Princeton, N. J. No agents sent.

OUR BIRTHDAY.

(Associated Press Dispatch.)

BURLINGTON, IOWA, June 1st, 1883.

The celebration in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the settlement of Iowa, which took place in the city to-day, proved one of the greatest events of the kind which ever took place in the west. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The entire population of the city and surrounding country, and many thousand of guests from all parts of the State, seemed to unite in one aim to make the day a success. The city of Burlington made ample preparations for the day. A complete programme had been worked up. Considerable funds had been contributed by the authorities, which, with very liberal private subscriptions gave the committees plenty of means to get up elaborate public decoration and provide for everything needful to make the celebration worthy of the cause. Preparations had been going on for a month and the result was most gratifying. The city to-day woke up decorated in a most gorgeous manner. The business part of town was literally covered with national colors and ornaments of verdure. A large number of banners hung across the

streets, bearing inscriptions suggestive of incidents of the past 50 years. Some of the more notable ones reading: "Freedom of the City—Take Possession," "First Train West February, 1856, What has Time Wrought, Wilderness in 1833." On the reverse: "One Hundred Trains Arrive and Depart Daily, Iowa 6,800 miles of Railroad, Railways reach every County Seat." On one banner a head of an Indian with superscription "Big Injun, 1833," and locomotive next to it, explanative, "Big Injun, 1883." Others read "All are welcome, Burlington at Home, We receive to-day." "Telegraph 1883, Hawkeye State, Slow Coach 1833." "Iowa admitted 1846—Population 100,000, number twenty-nine; Iowa's Population in 1883, Two Million."

It was particularly noticed that not merely the business houses and public buildings showed their decorations, but the residence part of the city was equally adorned. As early as last night crowds of strangers had completely filled the town, and those who arrived by boats from points up and down the river or on late trains were unable to obtain lodgings at any hotels. The number of strangers is estimated to have exceeded 20,000. All railroads had issued half-fare tickets and the number of people present will doubtless exceed that present at the great Centennial celebration here in 1876.

The exercises opened with free air concerts from several church steeples, upon which followed a parade of the fire department and a subsequent exhibition of the water works of the city. Bands played at all prominent places in the city during the forenoon, which was mostly spent in sight seeing, visiting friends, etc. The great parade of the day took place at one o'clock and proved one of the most notable features of the day. The march began after fifty guns had been fired, in indication of the fiftieth occurrence of the day, and moved through the principal streets to the public park. The procession was comprised of the following principal parts: Marshals of the day, platoon of police, Governor Sherman and attendants, pioneers of '33, old settlers, guests and officers of the Pioneer Association, members of orders of Odd Fellows, Ancient Order of Workingmen, Ancient Order of Druids,

Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Pythias, and other benevolent societies, a Grip Sack Brigade, composed of Burlington traveling salesmen, nearly 300 in number, and the fire department. All these organizations turned out in full uniform. The procession was almost a mile in length. Each single society had its own music. Arrived at the park, where an immense crowd had already gathered, the procession divided around the three speakers stands, which had been erected and very tidely ornamented, and the exercises then took place. At the grand stand prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. Slater, for many years pastor of the Congregational church of this city.

Hon. A. C. Dodge, son of Henry Dodge, the first Governor of Wisconsin Territory, and the first Senator from the State of Iowa to the Senate, one of the oldest inhabitants of the State, then in the name of the city of Burlington addressed the visitors, and extended a warm and hearty welcome, which was received with enthusiasm and applause.

The orator of the day, Hon. James H. Craig, of Keokuk, was then introduced and delivered a masterly address, holding his hearers intensely interested for more than two hours. The speech of Mr. Craig is universally acknowledged to have been a master piece of oratory. His introduction, giving the reasons which led to the celebration of the day was full of present gratitude for the great blessings showered on Iowa during the fifty years past. His allusion to the event of the past and his summary of the history of the Territory and State, gave evidence of a great thinker. His concluding apostrophe to the future, in which he pointed out the points which would grow from the exercise of all manly and civil virtues, was touching in the extreme and reached the hearts of the many thousand who were present. Mr. Craig retired amid enthusiastic utterances of the appreciation of the audience.

He was followed on the grand stand, in which numerous of the earliest pioneers and distinguished visitors occupied seats, by Hon. G. W. Jones, the colleague of General Dodge in the United States Senate when the State was first admitted,

and by Prof. Parvin, of Iowa City, who entertained the audience with reminiscences of the olden times. At the other two stands the following speakers delivered orations: At stand No. 2, Hon. Wesley C. Hobbs, Thomas C. Hedge, Jr., W. B. Culbertson, and Dr. C. Cole; at stand No. 3, Hon. A. C. Adams, Hon. W. W. Belknap, Judge Davis, of Lee county, John W. Burdette, Esq., Mr. George C. Duffend, of Keosauqua, Col. Sanger, of Des Moines, J. D. M. Hamilton, of Ft. Madison, and H. M. Clarke, of Wayne county. Speeches were confined to the subject of the celebration, and had evidently been prepared with care. Particularly noteworthy were the addresses of Wesley C. Hobbs and Gen. W. W. Belknap. After the exercises in the park the crowd dispersed to meet soon again on the river shore to witness a regatta arranged by the Burlington Boating Association.

In the evening a very fine pyrotechnical display was exhibited from barges anchored in the river. This was pronounced the finest display of fireworks, which has ever taken place in the West. A grand ball concluded the festivities, and the programme of the day.

Burlington feels full of pride over the great success she has had. She has seen within her walls to-day not only the largest, but also the most respectable assembly of people who ever met in an Iowa city before, high and low, old and young, from near and from a distance, they came to take part in the joyous occasion. A large number of distinguished gentlemen, including the Governor of the State, members of Congress, many other distinguished gentlemen had accepted an invitation to take part. A notable feature was the presence of many old people, who forty or fifty years ago had entered the State and had now time to meet old acquaintances and renew the friendships of long years past. The day was fine and was marred by no accident or unpleasant occurrence. Everything passed off smooth. Not the least excess is complained of. It was a gala day and one that will long be remembered by the participants.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND NOTICES.

This issue completes the second year, and all who have not paid for two years will take notice and remit, as small sums can now be sent by three-cent postal notes.

Why may not Howe's ANNALS become as famous as Nile's *Register* was in its day?

Iowa has escaped all tornadoes this year, while they have been very destructive in other States north and south. But it is to be observed that not every violent wind is a whirlwind, as some editors call it, in great ignorance of meteorological changes. The common usage is to call every high and destructive wind a tornado, or a cyclone, or whirlwind, even a hailstorm, but it is a gross blunder. It is properly called a hurricane, such as may occur at any season in the year.

The twenty-ninth annual fair of Johnson County here, and the last State fair at Des Moines were very successful. The Secretary of the State fair advertises that all debts of the Society, if audited by the Board, will be at once paid. All Iowa State and County fairs make too much of fast horses, offering extravagant premiums, putting too much reliance on running and trotting horses. It were better if, as in England, all fairs were made out for the sale of cattle and horses, and other articles and products.

The semi-centennial celebration at Burlington, Iowa, occurred in the editor's absence at the Northeast. He well remembers the interview he had with Governor Lucas, in 1839, the first Territorial Governor of Iowa, before the seat of Government was changed to Iowa City.

H. S. Fairall's Manual of Iowa Politics for 1883 is a valuable collection of statistics relating to Iowa, and it is having a wide sale and circulation. He has changed his address to Des Moines, Iowa, being no longer connected with the Iowa City *Republican*, but edits the *Iowa State Republican* there, a well filled newspaper.

HOWE'S
ANNALS OF IOWA,

A HISTORICAL PUBLICATION.



VOLUME II, 1883.

SAMUEL STORRS HOWE, Editor.

A. R. FULTON, Corresponding Editor.

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IOWA CITY, IOWA.

A. R. FULTON,

Corresponding Editor,

Des Moines, Iowa.

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